

# A Potion for an Apothecary, Or, The Apothecaryes portion,

This ditty doth Concern a matter Rare,  
Ther's few or none may with the same Compare,  
It may be term'd a Net, a Snare, or Iin  
That's only set to catch young Wood-cocks in  
Then let no silly bird here at be Leering,  
Forwhen tis Sung you'l say 'tis worth the hearing.

To the tune of, Old flesh.



**O**f a gallant Apothecary  
a story I will tell,  
His carriage and behaviour  
and what of him befell:  
He was no silly Corcomb  
nor he was no Country clown,  
But he lived in famous London,  
a place of high renoune,  
He was active in his practise,  
and skillfull of his trade,  
And some women did suppose him  
to be a Bil-bowl-blade,  
He was witty in his speeches  
and of qualities most rare,  
Yet he like to a Wood-cock  
was caught at vn-aware.

This brave young Pothecary  
he lived bold of strife,  
He stood in need of nothing,  
but he wanted a rich wifse:  
And for that only purpose  
he many plots haue laid  
To marry with some rich Widow:  
or some walthy Country Maid,  
His pate it was more subtile  
then any crafty Fox  
But in the last conclusion  
he was herted like an Ore;  
Now marke what followed after,  
and you shall quickly heare.  
How he like to a Wood-cock  
was caught at vn-aware.

A Punck that lib'd in London  
which had of wealth no store,  
For all that she had got was  
by playing of the Whore  
She like a cunning Gypsis,  
consulted with her Badd  
This brave Apothecary  
to cozen and defraud:  
Like a brave young Gentlewoman  
that was in the Country borne  
In habit and attire  
She did her selfe adoune

Her Baud like to a servant,  
did waite as may appeare,  
And they caught the witty Wood-  
before he was aware. cock,

And being so provided,  
as true reports habe said,  
The Punck she was the Mistresse,  
and the Baud her waiting Maid,  
They then tooke up their lodging  
as it is known full well  
Nere to the very place where  
this brave young spark did dwell,  
The mistres saw'd her selfe  
to be sick with cold and Tislick  
And sent to the Pothecary  
cause he shold give her Physick,  
Who every day imployd her  
with Pils, and such like geare,  
But he like to a Wood-cock,  
was caught at vn-aware.

The Apothecary often,  
to the Gentlewoman came,  
Who beholding of her favour,  
saw she was a handsome dame,  
His heart within his belly,  
with love was set on fire

But he knew not how nor which way  
to compasse his desire:  
And therefore in close secret,  
to the Maid he told his mind,  
Desiring of her favour  
that she would be so kind  
To speake a good word for him,  
unto her Mistris deare,  
And he would well reward her  
as you shall after heare.

The Maid reply'd unto him.  
there is no way to win her,  
Unlesse you doe invite her,  
on Sunday next to dinner:  
Whereby to make her merry,  
and cast away all care  
And feast her corps with Junkets  
with Wine and with Candy there

And when you all are frolick,  
I will a question move  
So that you thereby may know  
whither she will hate or love:  
These words of hers o'r joy'd him,  
as it doth well appeare,  
And at last the witty Wood-cock,  
was caught in his own snare.

A dinner was provided  
at the appointed day  
And the Gentlewoman sent for  
who came without delay,  
In all her gay app'rell  
in such a stately manner  
As if she were a Lady  
with her Maid to waite upon her;  
And being sat at dinner  
in all her gallant bravery  
The youngman nere mistrested  
of any poynct of knavery:  
They ate, drank, and were merry  
having plenty of good cheere  
But that same Sundays dinner  
cost the Apothecary deare.

whilst they were inmost of pleasure  
a man that was but poore,  
Came on a hasty message,  
and knocked at the doore  
He brought with him a Letter  
forth of the Country  
Which ts the Gentlewoman  
must needs delivered be  
When as she had recev'd it  
the messenger she paid  
And gave the Apothecary  
the letter for to read  
Which letter prov'd his baine  
as you presently shall heare  
And how this witty Wood-cock  
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The words that were written in the counterfeit Letter, as if they came from her Brother out of the Country were as followeth.

**S**weet Sister I desire you  
to be patient and content,  
Though I this dailefull Letter  
and Messenger have sent  
Wherby to gfe you notice  
your Father's dead and gone,  
And how he hath bestowed  
his Goods to every one  
Of us that are his Children.  
which doth alise remaine,  
Note well what here is set down,  
the case is very plaine:  
He hath made me his Executor,  
as you may understand,  
And I am in possession  
of all my Fathers Land.

To my second Brother Henry  
a Farm he did gve.  
Which is enough to maintain him  
and his whilf he doth live,  
And to my Brother Edward,  
as plainly may appeare.  
He gave him for continuance  
two hundred pound a Yeare:  
And you have for your Portion  
of Silver and of Gold,  
Fifteen hundred pound of Money  
as good as e're was told:  
Wherefore I pray god Sister  
come home and take your olyn,  
That ones part from another  
amongst us may be known.

Your Loving Brother,  
When as this Gentle-woman  
had heard the Letter read.  
How that her aged Father  
was dead and buried.  
She sighed and she sobbed,  
She wept and made great moan  
Her Maid that waited on her  
slept many a heavy groan:  
The Apothecary seeing such

Like a kind hen-hearted corcomb,  
the teares fell from his eyes,  
Now mark the last conclusion,  
and you shall quickly heare,  
How that this witty Wood-cock  
was caught at un-aware.

When sorowes were past over,  
and mirth did fresh revive,  
They that were almost kild then  
became to be alive,  
The Apothecary having  
a plodding cunning pate,  
He thought for to be doing  
before it was too late:  
If he could wed the woman,  
these were his antick fetches,  
He was sure for to be Master  
of all her Gold and Riches:  
And therewithall he wood her,  
without all wit or feare,  
And so this wilesse Wood-cock  
was caught in his owne snare.

But to be brefe in plain termes,  
the matter so was carried,  
That they agred together,  
and suddenly were married.  
And so a little season  
they lived free from strife,  
For she likt well of her Husband  
and he likt of his Wife:  
But in a short time after  
strange matters came to passe,  
And a sudden alteration  
betwtt this couple was.  
He married her for lucre  
of riches as you heare,  
And so the simple Wood-cock  
was caught in his own snare.

When they had liv'd together  
thre weeks or something moe,  
This Gallant did provide  
fth Country for to goe,

To see his wifes best friend there,  
that was his chieffest motion,  
And to receive the mony whch  
was left her for her portion:  
And so his solid Journy  
so well he did provide,  
He bought new Hests & borrowed  
a Horse whereon to ride,  
A Sword & Horse-mans Coat too  
he borrowed as I heare,  
And so into the Country he  
rid without wit or feare.  
And thinking that his WIFE had  
ben honest, true, and just,  
Althai which was his o wne Goods  
with her he left in trust,  
so he comming to the place where  
his brother in law shold dwel,  
Of such a manner of person there  
was never a one could tell:  
And as for the old man whch  
was said to be dead and gone,  
In all the Parish over of  
that name was never a one:  
Wherfore he back returned  
to London as I heare,  
With a purse that held no mony,  
and a heart ful of care.  
But when he came to London  
no WIFE that he could find,  
Which was a greater crosse,  
and a trouble to his mind,  
For he was run away with  
the Bawd which she cal'd her  
And with a Pimp of hers (maid)  
which their heads togesher laid,  
Wherfore t' e Apothecary  
in rage most deeply swore,  
That he was basely cozed by  
an old Baud & a young Whore:  
And now his fellow Neighboors  
doth at him scoffe and seere,  
'Cause he like to a VVoodcock  
was caught at un-aware.  
You Widowers and Batchelors  
if single men you be,  
Be warn'd by the Apothecary  
and be rul'd awhile by me.  
Chuse a WIFE that's truly honest  
though she be ne're so pore,  
'Tis better then a rich WIFE,  
if she love to play the Whore:  
The Lord wil give a blessing  
to Truth and Honesty. (vers  
when the vs, whores, bands & pan-  
may at Tyborn chance to dye.  
Be heedfull in your chusing,  
and have a speciall care,  
Lest like to silly Wood-cocks you  
be caught at un-aware.

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